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LINCOLN

CAMPAIGN

SONGSTER.

LINCOLN

Campaign Songster.

FOR THE USE OF

CLUBS.

CONTAINING ALL OF THE MOST POPULAR
SONGS.



PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY MASON & CO.,
NO. 58 NORTH SIXTH STREET.
1864.

CAMPAIGN SONGS.

GIVE US NOBLE LEADERS.

AIR: "*Give us back our old Commander.*"

BY AN INVINCIBLE.

Come patriots all and do your duty,
Many are too soon dismayed;
Let us finish this rebellion,
Let not the end be long delayed.
Honest Abraham is our leader,
We will see him to the end,
Let us aid him, let us cheer him,
He's the Union's truest friend.
CHORUS—Give us, then, those noble leaders,
Lincoln and Johnson, firm and true,
They will fight on for the Union,
And the Constitution too.

Let us honor Abraham Lincoln,
He has borne four years of toil,
He has braved defeat and danger,
Trying traitor's plans to foil.
Bayonets South at him have pointed,
With treason North he's had to deal,
No President ever had such trials,
Yet all he's done for our weal.

CHORUS—Give us, then, those noble leaders, &c.

Would it not be right and proper,
Since he's passed four years of war,
That he should be highly honored
With his office four years more?
Rally, then, defeat McClellan,
Defeat a base, ignoble peace,
Determine that while traitors threaten,
A vigorous war shall never cease.

CHORUS—Give us, then, those noble leaders, &c.

The soldier fighting for his country,
Generals from the battle-field,
Say, "Rally all your men for Lincoln,
Now is not the time to yield."
One more effort, one more struggle,
And this wicked strife is o'er,
Obey the soldier, vote for Lincoln,
And the Union's safe for evermore.
CHORUS—Give us, then, those noble leaders, &c.

THE VETERAN VOLUNTEER.

AIR: "*Poachers of Lincolnshire.*"

WRITTEN AND DEDICATED TO THE REPUBLICAN INVINCIBLES,
BY E. MASON, JR.

We're in the ranks, we're in the field, the veteran
volunteer,
And traitors South have got to yield, before we close
the year;
We're done with *play*, we're going to fight, a *fight* that
will be *free*,
For we do not like *free ballot* votes, when given for
General Lee.

CHORUS—For it's our old flag, the good old flag, the flag
we're fighting for,
And just the flag the soldiers like to raise in
time of war.

Now when election day comes off, my boys, remember
well,
Think of the veteran soldier, who bravely fought and
fell;
Stand by your rights, elect your man, and it will be
"Old Abe,"
Who stood undaunted in the van, when traitors' schemes
were laid.

CHORUS—For it's our old flag, the good old flag, the flag
we're fighting for, &c.

We've tried our noble President, through trouble and
 through war,
 And now we'll show our gratitude, and give him four
 years more;
 Then when our Union's right again, our homes we love
 most dear,
 Will always be defended by the veteran volunteer.
 CHORUS—For it's our old flag, the good old flag, the flag
 we're fighting for, &c.

SHOUT ALOUD FOR LINCOLN.

AIR: "*Wait for the Wagon.*"

BY "OCCASIONAL."

Come friends of the Union,
 And for it take your stand,
 Determine not to falter,
 Till we've whipped the rebel band.
 Our Union flag we're raising,
 For Lincoln, tried and true,
 Who'll uphold it and revere it,
 'Tis the Red, White, and Blue.

CHORUS—Then shout aloud for Lincoln,
 Shout aloud for Lincoln,
 Shout aloud for Lincoln,
 And the Red, White, and Blue.

The rebels hate our President,
 So do their Northern friends,
 That's the reason why we love him,
 And he for the right contends.
 But we must meet his enemies,
 To the Union they are foes,
 So be sure that in November,
 Every vote for Lincoln goes.

CHORUS—Then shout aloud for Lincoln, &c.

At the East, in proud New England,
 They are jubilant and strong,
 On California's golden shore,
 They're singing freedom's song.

From one end of the Union
 To the other you will see,
 For Lincoln in November,
 A good majority.

CHORUS—Then shout aloud for Lincoln, &c.

A Salt River boat is waiting
 For McClellan and his friends,
 To go and spend a holiday,
 Till the rebellion ends.
 Oh, won't it be a happy sight,
 To see them go on board,
 Weeping for the unhappy fate
 Of Jefferson their Lord!

CHORUS—Then shout aloud for Lincoln, &c.

CAST YOUR VOTES FOR ABRAHAM.

AIR: "*The Watcher.*"

BY A REPUBLICAN.

Once we had a Union, a nation great and strong,
 A flag so fair, the pride of all, the burden of their song;
 But now, alas! foul treason has raised its bloody head,
 To break the Union, trail the flag, and multiply the
 dead.

CHORUS—Oh, Patriots! Oh, Patriots! don't vote for
 craven Mac,
 But cast your votes for Abraham, he's on the
 Union track.

For Lincoln or McClellan, you'll be called on to decide,
 The one to save the Union, the other to divide;
 Oh! I know you will not falter in making out your
 choice,
 But give to Honest Abraham your ballot and your
 voice.

CHORUS—Oh, Patriots, &c.

The work of restoration he so nobly has begun,
 Will be carried on with vigor until the victory's won;

Then from the Northern Lakes to the noble Rio Grande
You'll hear the shouts of happy hearts resounding
through the land.

CHORUS—Oh, Patriots, &c.

Won't it really be amusing when the Copperheads are
beat,
They'll hang their heads and weep and wail, in token
of defeat;
But they had better take it easy, it is all for their own
good,
But thus they "cannot see it," or else of course they
would.

CHORUS—Oh, Patriots, &c.

HOIST THE FLAG FOR ABRAHAM.

AIR: "*Hoist up the Flag.*"

BY A VETERAN.

Come friends of the Union, arise in your might,
Around the nation's hopes has settled gloomy night,
The traitors of the South still wield a traitor's sword,
While Northern sympathizers assist the rebel horde.

CHORUS—Hoist up the flag and rally for the fight,
Determined to defend the imperilled cause of
right,
By ballots or by bullets that flag shall ever
wave,
And with Abraham as our leader we will yet
the nation save.

In the year of '61 commenced this bloody war,
That the wicked Southern traitors had threatened long
before,
They seceded from the Union because they couldn't
rule,
And a Democratic President became their supple tool.

CHORUS—Hoist up, &c.

Buchanan then assisted the wicked rebel cause,
And said he had no right to put in force the laws,

His Copperhead supporters still cowardly proclaim
To shoot these bloody traitors, O, it is a dreadful shame !
CHORUS—Hoist up, &c.

They've assisted the rebellion ever since the war began,
And to carry out their projects they are rallying every
man ;
They hope to elect McClellan and let the rebels go,
But to such a proposition let us firmly answer, No !
CHORUS—Hoist up, &c.

We have nobly labored for the Union and the flag,
And determined to destroy the last insulting rebel rag ;
Let us re-elect the man who will never stop the war
Till the rebels yield allegiance and slavery ignore.
CHORUS—Hoist up, &c.

1865—HOLY, HOLY, HAPPY NEW YEAR.

AIR: "*Ellsworth's body lies mouldering in the dust.*"

DEDICATED TO THE LINCOLN AND JOHNSON CLUBS.

BY E. MASON, JR.

Lincoln and Johnson will guide the Ship of State,
Lincoln and Johnson will guide the Ship of State,
Lincoln and Johnson will guide the Ship of State,
In Eighteen Sixty-five.—Holy, Holy, Happy New
Year !

The Star-Spangled Banner will triumph in the end,
The Star-Spangled Banner will triumph in the end,
The Star-Spangled Banner will triumph in the end,
In Eighteen Sixty-five.—Holy, Holy, Happy New
Year !

We'll hang all Copperheads high in the air,
We'll hang all Copperheads high in the air,
We'll hang all Copperheads high in the air,
In Eighteen Sixty-five.—Holy, Holy, Happy New
Year !

Our country will be loyal, free, and happy too,
Our country will be loyal, free, and happy too,
Our country will be loyal, free, and happy too,
In Eighteen Sixty-five.—Holy, Holy, Happy New
Year!

Welcome our brave soldiers, when they come marching
home,
Welcome our brave soldiers, when they come marching
home,
Welcome our brave soldiers, when they come marching
home,
In Eighteen Sixty-five.—Holy, Holy, Happy New
Year!

We'll give our gallant sailors a hearty welcome too,
We'll give our gallant sailors a hearty welcome too,
We'll give our gallant sailors a hearty welcome too,
In Eighteen Sixty-five.—Holy, Holy, Happy New
Year!

England and France keep away from "Uncle Sam,"
England and France keep away from "Uncle Sam,"
England and France keep away from "Uncle Sam,"
In Eighteen Sixty-five.—Holy, Holy, Happy New
Year!

RALLY ROUND THE CAUSE, BOYS.

AIR: "*Battle Cry of Freedom.*"

BY E. MASON, JR.

Now, we'll rally round the cause, boys, we'll rally in
our night,
Singing the holy cause of freemen;
We will battle for our Union, the sacred cause of right,
Singing the holy cause of freemen.
CHORUS—For Lincoln and Johnson, huzza, boys, huzza!
Down with rebellion, on with the war;
While we rally round the cause, boys, rally in
our night,
Singing the holy cause of freemen.

To reunite the States we have got a *General Grant*,
Singing the holy cause of freemen;
We are sick of cries for "*peace*," and other rebel cant,
Singing the holy cause of freemen.

For Lincoln and Johnson, huzza, &c.

We will rally round our banner, boys, and long may it
wave,
Singing the holy cause of freemen;
And when Secession dies, we will gather round the
grave,
Singing the holy cause of freemen.

For Lincoln and Johnson, huzza, &c.

Then rally, "*Wide Awakes*," we will try it once again,
Singing the holy cause of freemen;
Beneath the Stars and Stripes our duty's very plain,
Singing the holy cause of freemen.

For Lincoln and Johnson, huzza, &c.

One hundred thousand more will finish up the strife,
Singing the holy cause of freemen;
We will stand by our Union while Heaven gives us life,
Singing the holy cause of freemen.

For Lincoln and Johnson, huzza, &c.

ARE WE FREEDOM'S FRIENDS?

AIR: "*Old Dog Tray*."

BY C. J. F., JR.

To friends of Freedom all,
Upon you we now call,
To help us sustain a noble, honest man,
Who is acting for the right,
To conquer traitors' might,
And crush out treason's lofty plan.
CHORUS—Then up with the stripes and the stars,
Down with the cross and the bars,
For Lincoln we will cheer,
McClellan we'll not fear,
Nor all the Union's Northern foes.

What by Mac could not be brought
By Lincoln has been wrought,
And victory crowns our glorious arms;
Then for Lincoln we will strive,
And McClellan's friends we'll drive
South, to join their traitorous friends.

CHORUS—Then up with the stripes and the stars, &c.

The Copperheads now fear
Their party's doom is near,
And cry for a disgraceful peace;
But this we will not have,
So long as Lincoln live,
Who will ever be the Union's friend.

CHORUS—Then up with the stripes and the stars, &c.

HURRAH! FOR LINCOLN AND JOHNSON!

AIR: "*John Brown's Body*."

BY C. J. F., JR.

We elected Abra'm Lincoln, and we've found him good
and true;
He has labored long and hard for the red, white, and
blue;
The country he will save and our glorious Union too,
As we go marching on.

CHORUS—Hurrah for the Union, hurrah for the flag,
Down with the traitors and the cursed rebel
rag;
With Lincoln and with Johnson we'll gain the
victory,
As we go marching on.

Down with the Southerners who would the Union rend;
Down with McClellan, who is their boasted friend;
Down with the Copperheads, who him their influence
lend,
As we go marching on.

CHORUS—Hurrah, &c.

We will all vote for Lincoln, and make our country one,
Vote for noble Johnson, for the Union he has been,
And driven back invaders from his own beloved home,
As we go marching on.

CHORUS—Hurrah, &c.

Our cause it is just, and the traitors we will foil,
If we all vote for Lincoln, and for noble Johnson toil,
We will save our glorious Union and make our country
free,

As we go marching on.

CHORUS—Hurrah, &c.

UNION AND LINCOLN.

AIR: "*Marching Along.*"

BY C. J. F., JR.

Arise, friends of freedom, up to your country's call,
To force back the traitors who would it enthrall,
Their numbers are great, but we're gallant and strong,
Come join then our chorus of marching along.

CHORUS—Marching along, we are marching along,
Lincoln and Union shall e'er be our song;
To our country and freedom we are proud
to belong,
Come join, then, our chorus, while march-
ing along.

The freemen are moving throughout the entire land,
To vote against McClellan and all his traitor band,
The traitors are trembling, we are gallant and strong,
Then lift up the chorus of marching along.

CHORUS—Marching along, &c.

McClellan we've tried with our treasure and friends,
We gave him the means, but the war did not end;
Lincoln is noble, he's gallant and strong,
Lift up the chorus, we are marching along.

CHORUS—Marching along, &c.

Come join now our ranks and the Union we'll save,
Doom every traitor to fill a traitor's grave;
With Lincoln our President, who's gallant and strong,
We can still shout the chorus of marching along.

CHORUS—Marching along, &c.

PRESERVE THE UNION.

AIR: "*Gay and Happy.*"

We're determined to stand by Lincoln,
Who's the Union's truest friend;
Now for it a war he's waging,
Which in honored peace will end.

CHORUS—So let the traitors act as they will,
And support McClellan still;
We're for Lincoln, we're for Lincoln,
To preserve the Union still.

Shall we guard against vile treason,
And our country's Union save?
Then let's vote against McClellan,
That the glorious stars may wave.

CHORUS—So let the traitors, &c.

While our soldiers have been fighting,
That the war might sooner cease;
Northern Copperheads have been crying
"Give us a degrading peace."

CHORUS—So let the traitors, &c.

McClellan's friends now are determined
The rebels all they ask shall have;
But this war cannot be ended,
Till our rights we all shall save.

CHORUS—So let the traitors, &c.

Then with Lincoln onward leading,
Southern foes we need not fear;
With the Copperheads now despairing,
Glorious news we soon shall hear.

CHORUS—So let the traitors, &c.

LINCOLN CAMPAIGN SONG.

AIR: "*Yankee Doodle.*"

How are you, Mister Little "Mac?"

You are a pretty dandy,

But you have got upon a plank

That will throw you very handy.

CHORUS—O clear the track for Honest Abe,

McClellan is behind him,

He can never win the race,

He can't keep up with Lincoln.

You once pursued a noble path,

In fighting for the nation,

But now you've joined the Copperheads,

You've lowered much your station.

CHORUS—O clear the track, &c.

We're sorry for you, "Little Mac,"

You've joined a fated party,

So make your mind up to defeat,

How are you now, "my hearty?"

CHORUS—O clear the track, &c.

Abraham Lincoln is our man,

You may depend upon it;

We are going to elect him like a book,

So all join in our sonnet.

CHORUS—O clear the track, &c.

UNION AND FREEDOM.

AIR: "*Rally round the Flag.*"

Let us rally for the Union, its foes now are strong,

Shouting for Lincoln and freedom;

And the glorious shouts of victory to us shall belong,

Shouting for freedom and Union.

CHORUS—Our country for ever, hurrah, then, hurrah!

Vote against McClellan and the rebel stars;

And vote for Abra'm Lincoln, preserve the

Union, too,

Shouting for freedom and Union.

We can trust Mr. Lincoln, his honor it is true,
Battling for Union and freedom;
Against traitors North and the Southern rebels, too,
Striving for country and Union.

CHORUS—Our country for ever, hurrah, &c.

Then rally for the stars and the glorious Union, too,
Shouting for Lincoln and freedom;
Out with McClellan and all his copper crew,
Voting for Lincoln and Union.

CHORUS—Our country for ever, hurrah, &c.

Come and help us battle for the holy cause of right,
Striving for Lincoln and freedom;
And we'll save our noble land and our country's honor
bright,
Struggling for freedom and Union.

CHORUS—Our country for ever, hurrah, &c.

WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM, 600,000 MORE.

Words by J. CULLEN BRYANT.—Music by D. A. WARDEN.

We are coming, father Abra'm, six hundred thousand
more,

From Mississippi's winding stream and from New Eng-
land's shore.

We leave our ploughs and workshops, our wives and
children dear,

With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent
tear.

We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before,—

We are coming, father Abra'm, six hundred thousand
more!

We are coming, father Abra'm, six hundred thousand
more?

If you look across the hill-tops, that meet the northern
sky,

Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may de-
sery;

And now the wind an instant tears the cloudy veil
 aside,
 And floats aloft our spangled flag, in glory and in
 pride;
 And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave
 music pour,—
 We are coming, father Abra'm, six hundred thousand
 more!
 We are coming, father Abra'm, six hundred thousand
 more!
 If you look all up our valleys, where the growing
 harvest shine,
 You may see our sturdy farmer boys, fast forming into
 line.
 And children from their mothers' knees are pulling at
 the weeds,
 And learning how to reap and sow, against their coun-
 try's needs;
 And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage
 door,—
 We are coming, father Abra'm, six hundred thousand
 more!
 We are coming, father Abra'm, six hundred thousand
 more!
 You have called us, and we're coming, by Richmond's
 bloody tide
 To lay us down for freedom's sake, our brothers' bones
 beside;
 Or from foul treason's deadly grasp to wrench the
 murderous blade,
 And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade.
 Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone
 before,
 We are coming, father Abra'm, six hundred thousand
 more!
 We are coming, father Abra'm, six hundred thousand
 more!

THE END.